Out of my hands.

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you'll hurt your knees

I'm tempted to dedicate this fic to my history teacher, because this is what I spent most of my day doing instead of outlining. Except I'm terrified that his scary Foner powerz will somehow lead him to this and pile more outlines and readings upon me for all eternity, so I won't. *does not tempt evil*

Out of my hands.
SPN. Sam/Jess/Dean, NC-17. AU. Pilot spoilers only. 2,515 words. Warnings for incest, language, some angst, some schmoop. ♥♥ to Kate for cheerleading. Title from Dave Matthews.

> *And all the believers stand behind him and smile*
> *And the day lights up with fire—let me in*

.one

They both get drunk on Halloween.

Loud-quiet drunk. Three in the morning and the whole building's asleep, and they stumble up the steps because the elevator's way too slow, stumble because they're clinging to each other, sloppy and giggling and whole.

Sam pushes her against the wall by their door and his fingers sneak under her skirt. She feels his teeth against her throat when he smiles. Jess squeaks out a laugh and says, ***Sam***, like she's scandalized, like this is a surprise.

What, he says, the illusion of innocence. *Think anyone's still up? Think they'll mind? Knowing our neighbors—*

Jess eases away and reaches in his pocket for the keys. *You're drunk*, she declares. She doesn't mind.

Sam steadies himself against the wall while she unlocks the door, laughing softly, letting his forehead scrape the bricks. *Yeah*, he agrees, hair flopping down to cover his eyes.

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Through the looking glass. Down the rabbit hole.

It's all he can think – happy drunk twists around in his stomach and then his brother's right in front of him, on the other side of the door. Jess yelps and Sam's hands tighten to fists and he's got Dean pressed against the wall with an arm across his windpipe before he sees. Before he understands.

Shit, he curses. *Goddamnit.*

Dean chuckles, shoving Sam away with one hand, rubbing his throat with the other. *Good to see you too, Sammy.*

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Jess gets beer and ice water from the kitchen. Sam presses the sweating glass to his forehead, rubbing his eyes. He doesn't look at Dean when he asks. He says, *The hell is going on?* and Dean looks at Jess like she doesn't belong. Like he wants her out.

It's dad. Careful, measured. There's more there than she's supposed to understand, but Sam shakes his head.

She knows. Fucking tequila.

It could be an explanation. Dean's eyebrows go up and so do the corners of his mouth. *Well all right then*, and he settles back onto the couch.

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She watches more than she listens. Dean could be speaking Latin for all she knows. Jessica took German.

The conversation goes back and forth, boom boom boom, like a tennis match. They play off each other and speak almost in code. Dean's eyes keep going to her, but Sam makes it a point to look away.

Jericho, he says, chewing his lower lip. *Dean, I can't. Monday—*

Jess's hand is warm, flat against his back. *Baby. It's your family.*

Dean grins and picks up his beer.

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Sam's shirt is spotted with blood where Constance dug into him. You will be, she promised. He rubs the marks through worn cotton, wincing, and he doesn't look at his brother.

Dean pulls over a couple hundred miles from home, letting his forehead rest against the wheel. *I want*, he mumbles, his palm sweaty when it settles on Sam's thigh. The words stick in his throat.

Sam touches his shoulder, the back of his neck. *I know*, he says. Almost sad. *I'm sorry.*

Dean jerks the car back onto the road, vicious, and they don't talk until they pull up to the apartment.

Jessica's waiting on the steps, smiling. She invites Dean in, and as much to spite Sam as anything, he agrees.

.two

They manage to avoid the hospital. They all get out without burns. Jess cries, but she shrugs Sam away when he tries to hold her,

shaking her head. She straightens, solid on both feet, and she says, *I'm coming. To help you find him.*

For the first time in two years, Sam tells her no.

They yell it out for hours. Dean sits on the hood of the car and watches them. Tennis. He twists the silver on his hand and his eyes keep going back to the thin string of leather around Sammy's wrist.

In the end, Sam begs. He cups her face in his hands and steps too close and he says, *Please. Jess, please. I can't. If something happens*—he damn near cries. Dean knows that crack in his voice. *Please.*

Jess puts her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder. Dean watches Sam relax, the tightness filter from his spine. His hands squeeze into fists, and he tries to remember he can't shoot her for loving his brother, or for having him love her back.

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Sam wants to find Jess a new place before they leave, but she won't let him. She says she'll stay with someone. She'll find someone. Apartment hunting takes time, she reminds him, and they smile at some memory Dean doesn't have.

They stay almost a week as it is. They get a motel room and Sam sleeps with a gun under his pillow. It scares her, but Jess just curls tighter around him and doesn't say anything.

She wakes in the mornings to the sound of Dean whetting his knives, to the scratch of Sam marking the papers with red.

On the sixth day, she kisses the back of Sam's neck while he sits hunched over a pile of print-outs. None of them are for classes. She says it. She tells him, *You should go.*

Sam puts his pen down and nods and sighs. *I know.*

.three

They fall into a pattern, after that. Jess goes back to class, and Sam doesn't. He and Dean drive off for days or weeks at a time. They come back bloody or bruised and stay for a while before heading out to do it again.

She always asks for details, but Sam never tells. She doesn't need the nightmares on top of her worry. Sometimes, Dean explains. More often than not, he just shakes his head and says, *Trust me, sweetheart, you don't wanna know.*

Dean sleeps on the couch, pretending he can't hear them when they fuck. Jess fixed the apartment up pretty nice, but it's still cheap, its walls too thin. He hears everything but their whispers. He knows how both of them sound when they come. He waits for it, anticipating. He waits for it to go quiet so he can sleep, and when it does, he spends half an hour willing his hard-on away and counting sheep.

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They last almost four months of close quarters and near misses before Sam finally pushes Dean's back into the wall of a New Mexico motel and shoves his tongue in his brother's mouth. Dean doesn't tell him no. He just goes to his knees.

Sam moans and pulls at Dean's hair, bucks his hips and spreads his legs wider, one hand bracing him against the wall. *Yeah,* he says, *God, Dean, yeah*, and Dean wonders if Jess knows all of Sam's triggers, if she's memorized them the way he never had to, because he just always knew.

He tongues under the head of Sam's cock and presses a spit-slick finger inside, and Sam shakes and comes apart.

Later, when he's fucking Dean, he's not slow or gentle or anything he never was, and Dean's grateful. He holds himself up by the

headboard, slapping the wall with each thrust. Sam growls in Dean's ear, twisted, dirty things, and Dean whines and mumbles broken little agreements over his shoulder.

Two days later, back in California, Sam is sunshine smiles when he kisses Jess hello. He gives Dean a look over the top of her head, asking for something or maybe time.

Dean spends the afternoon buying groceries and scouring local pawn shops, finding nothing useful at all.

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The next time, Jess is panicking over exams. She sits at the kitchen table with too many books piled in front of her. Her hair messy in a rubber band and there are dark circles under her eyes. Sam stands behind her chair rubbing calming circles over her back, and Dean pretends not to notice how he looks nostalgic, almost wistful.

He can picture them. Exam week, marathon study sessions and Chinese delivery, fucking on the couch when it gets to be too much, laughing and touching and scaring anxiety away.

Sam whispers comforting things Dean can't hear into Jessica's hair and she covers her eyes. She rests her head on the book open in front of her. *You wanna sleep?* Sam asks, and she mumbles no, just a minute. Just gimmie a minute.

Sam strokes her back, eases her into sleep, and then he joins Dean on the couch, watching. Sam sighs and he says, *I'm sorry.*

Dean grunts. *The fuck for.* And Sam doesn't answer.

.four

The first day it's warm enough, Jess wants to go to the beach. She marches into the living room brandishing a bottle of sunscreen like a weapon. Her smile is almost wicked and Dean takes one

look and says, *No. Hell no.*

Aw, come on. She's already in her swim suit, straps peeking out from her top. *It'll be fun, I promise.*

Sam walks up at her back, grinning at his brother. He locks his arms around Jessica's waist and says, *Better do what she wants, man. The girl knows how to whine.*

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They're drunk by sundown, sprawled lazy across the sand. It was more crowded earlier, but most everyone's gone home now. It's cooler. Somewhere further down the beach, some guy's strumming a guitar, and when the wind blows right, it drifts down their way.

Jess's head lolls back against Sam's chest, and he and Dean clink bottles once in a while. They built a little fire and it crackles at their feet, but mostly, it's quiet. Every so often, one of them'll think of something half-funny and giggle through the haze.

Sometime between seven o'clock and the last of the beer, Jess gestures and Dean hands her a bottle. She bracelets his wrist and when he looks, she shifts and leans and kisses him, lazy-slow with her tongue against his lower lip.

She settles back against Sam and they both smile at him, softened by the firelight.

He feels sluggish, stupid. He goes back to his drink.

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Don't be silly, Jess mumbles, her eyes shutting. *You're not gonna drive.*

Sam nods. *You're wasted,* he agrees, and Dean would glare, but they're right. Sam scratches his head. *We all are. Can sleep in the*

car, though. True—it's not like they haven't before. Half their lives. They keep blankets in the trunk.

Sam and Jess crowd into the back, all gentle, drunken mumbles and slow smiles. Dean's turning the key to the driver's door when they pull him in, too.

There's not enough room for all three. Sam fills the back seat on his own without much effort. Jess kisses Dean's throat an cuddles back into Sam's chest. He shifts an arm around her waist, presses his lips to the nape of her neck. Dean blinks, adjusting, not totally clear.

Sleep, Jess whispers. She strokes his hair and slowly, finally, he eases down and leans against her, his head almost her lap. Every muscle in his body's gonna be cramped as hell tomorrow, but Dean doesn't bitch. He only closes his eyes.

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Jess drives through the hangover. If Dean weren't too busy keeping his eyes shut against the sun, he might've argued when Sam handed her the keys. At home, they sleep late into the afternoon. Jess misses class. They order pizza and watch bad horror flicks. Maybe they doze off again, one at a time.

It's getting dark by the time they move from the couch.

Maybe he's still drunk. Dean's not sure how they get to the bedroom. Maybe Jess pulled him along or maybe Sam did, or maybe he figured out how to follow on his own. They strip each other, a shirt here, jeans there. Jess unhooks her bra and steps out of her underwear. Sam bites Dean's shoulder and pushes his brother's boxers away.

They tumble onto the bed in a jumble of limbs. The light from the window paints them all orange, almost surreal.

Sam dips his head over Jess, licks at one nipple, letting his teeth

touch. She moans, her arm coming up around his neck to hold him there, and her head turns to the other side, her eyes finding Dean's. He's awkward, out of place again, but she gestures and reaches a small, shaky hand toward his cock.

It could take minutes or hours. Dean only knows that when he comes, spine arching and his voice hoarse saying her name, Sam shifts and moves to kiss him, catches his comedown-whimpers with teeth and tongue. He's half-conscious of Sam's voice in his ear—it takes him too long to hear: *I wanna see you with her, with your mouth on her. C'mon, Dean, I want you to. Do it.*

He kneels between Jessica's legs. His hands shake as he pushes at her thighs, spreading her for him. She mumbles something he can't hear. Dean looks at Sam again, making sure, before he lowers his head and opens his mouth.

He spreads her open with his thumbs, licks up over her and flicks his tongue lightly over her clit. Jess moans, whimpering nonsense. Her hands are on his head, tight in his hair, though it's too short for a decent grip. He licks again, up, down, and pushes inside her with his tongue, soft and wet.

God, god, Jess whines, and then her grip in his hair is gone. When Dean looks he sees Sam with her wrists in one hand, tugging them gently away, holding them above her head. He smiles at Dean again, and his other hand is moving slow and lazy over his own cock. Jess's thigh bumps his chin as she shifts up, looking for contact. *Please, oh, **oh**—*

What do you want? Sam's lips are by her ear. *Tell him, baby. Come on. You're so beautiful like this, Jess, god, the two of you...*

Dean fucks into her with two fingers. He lets his lips drag over her, tongues her clit, and she cries out when she comes, flexing around his fingers, slick and hot. She trembles and Dean rests his cheek on her thigh, brings her through it and pulls away. He's hard again, aching, and Sam's hand's moving faster, more

insistent.

Sammy, Dean says. His voice is rough, tired, and Sam lets go of Jess to pull him closer. He kisses his brother and beside them, Jess makes a content noise, a half-sigh. Her hand rests on Sam's thigh, her head on Dean's shoulder.

Dean. Sam tugs him in, taking both of their cocks in one hand, jacks them together, and Jess's fingers lock over his, moving with him.

The light's gone from orange to blue by the time they're done. They pass one cigarette back and forth. Dean blows smoke at the ceiling and Jess's thin fingers take it from him, a long, careful drag before she presses the filter end to Sam's lips.

It burns itself out in the saucer on the nightstand. Tangled together, they sleep.